

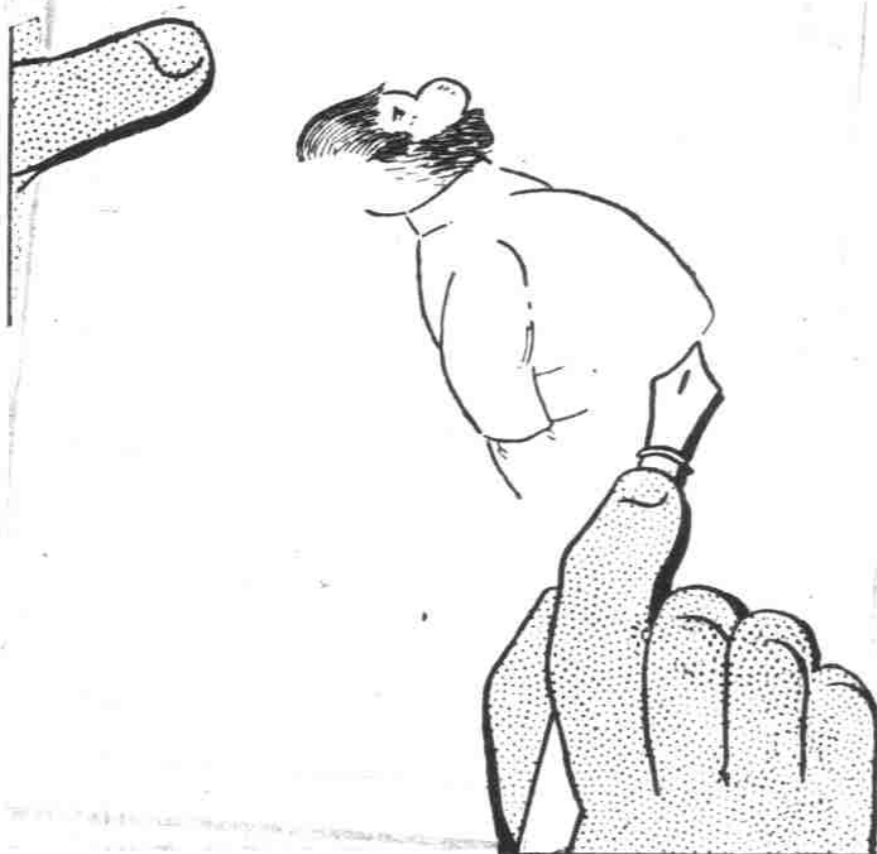
PICTURE WIZARDRY

CARTOONAGRAMS

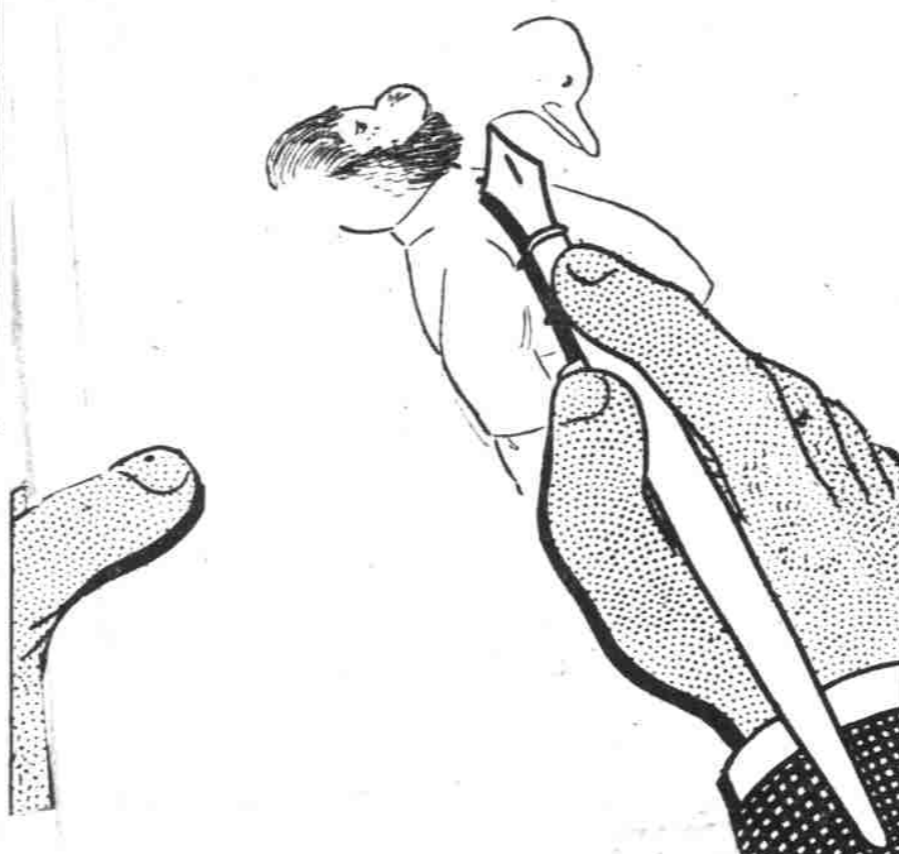
By CHARLES A. OGDEN

MR. BEAR DOESN'T KNOW A GOOD MEAL IS SO NEAR.

①
S. C.
and
E. F.
ask
for
a
Bear
Cartoon-
agram.



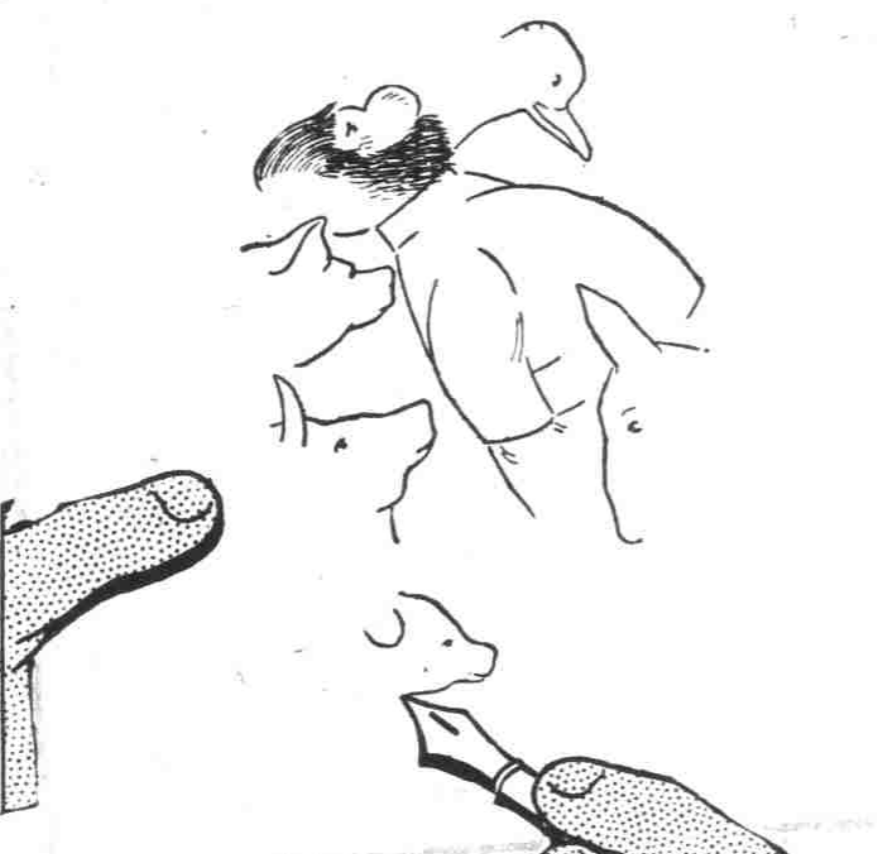
②
There we
have an
alfalfa-
faced
gent
looking
skyward;
also
a duck.



③
Next
we
must
draw
a
pig
and
a
cow.



④
Then
we
should
draw
a
mule
and
a
dog.



⑤
Let's
join
the
pictures
together
and
see
what
happens.



⑥
IT'S
A
BEAR
!!!



The Story Lady

BY GEORGENE FAULKNER.

WHEN I am old enough I shall be a sailor and go to sea," said young George Washington, as he watched the great ships sail up the Potomac River.

"How I wish I could go to sea," he said to his father. "Do you think I can when I grow up, father?"

"Why, who knows, George; maybe you will serve the king and be an admiral in the navy," laughed his father. And then he told the eager little boy stories of his trips on the ocean.

One day his little friend, Richard Henry Lee, came running to George in great excitement. "My father is coming home on the boat which is coming up the river; come down to the dock with me."

George needed no second invitation, and soon Dickey and he were jumping up and down on the wharf, and soon they were greeting Richard's father.

"Richard, I have brought you these two books," said Mr. Lee. "See that you handle them with great care."

Now the children in those days did not have many books, so you can imagine how happy Richard was to receive them. "Oh, thank you, father," he said, "but may I give one to George?"

"Yes, indeed, my son," answered Mr. Lee, for he was well pleased with the boy's generosity, and, turning to Mr. Washington, who was also there to meet him, he said: "Let us hope our boys will always be as good neighbors and friends as we have been."

Little George was so happy that he just hugged Richard and then he took the book home and read it to his mother and to all his colored friends.

"Now, George, you must write Richard a note of thanks," said Mrs. Washington.

"But I did thank him down at the dock; I just hugged him, and he knew I liked it," said little George.

Mrs. Washington looked sternly at her small son; her word was law and was not to be questioned. "I said you were to

write a note of thanks to Richard," she repeated firmly. "That is the courteous thing to do, and tell him how much you have enjoyed your book."

So little George wrote the following: George Washington to Richard Henry Lee:

Dear Dickey:—I thank you very much for the pretty picture book you gave me. Sam asked me to show him the pictures and I showed him all the pictures in it, and I read to him how the tame elephant took care of the master's little boy and put him on his back and would not let anybody touch his master's little son. I can read three or four pages sometimes without missing a word. Ma says I may go to see you and stay all day with you next week if it be not rainy. She says I may ride my pony Hero if Uncle Ben will go with me and lead Hero. Your good friend,

GEORGE WASHINGTON.

George was very proud of his big brothers, and he often told the other boys at school about them. One day he came shouting upon the playground, "Lawrence is coming home, Lawrence is coming home on the next big ship from England," and all the boys shared in the excitement with young George when Lawrence arrived.

Although Lawrence was fourteen years older than George, he was very fond of his little brother and George idolized his big brother.

Lawrence taught George how to shoot, and he took him hunting with him, young George riding proudly along on his pony Hero, while his older brother told him tales of his life in England.

The big brother had hardly been home a year when war broke out between England and Spain and Lawrence Washington called away to serve under Admiral Vernon. When George heard of his brave brother fighting in a naval engagement he felt that Lawrence was indeed a hero, and every day young George would say, "When I am as big as Lawrence I shall be a sailor and go away on a ship and fight for the king."

And then he would play that he was an officer on the sea and he would command all his playmates as sailors, and because he always played fair and was a natural leader

SHE TELLS OF YOUNG GEORGE WASHINGTON

his friends gladly followed him in these games.

Sometimes he would get all the boys in the schoolyard to play they were soldiers and with cornstalks for guns he would put them through a drill.

When he was about 15 years old he felt that he must begin to earn his own way in the world. His one desire had been to go to sea. And so he talked it over with his family. His mother felt sorry to have him leave her, and yet she knew that all his life he had longed to go to sea, and now that the time had come for him to earn his place in the world he must choose some occupation, so she gave a somewhat unwilling consent.

His brothers encouraged George in this idea, and Lawrence, knowing many officers in the navy, felt sure that he could obtain a place for George in the navy. George was very much pleased at the plan, and when the ship came from England he could hardly wait to go on board.

"I am to sail with you this time, captain," said young George. "All my life I have wished to be a sailor, and now I am going to sea."

"That is good, George," said the rugged captain. "You are big and strong and I doubt not you are willing to do hard work, for a sailor does not have an easy life, you know."

Young George was not afraid of hard work, and he told the captain that he was willing to obey all orders. Then he went up to the house and dressed himself in his new sailor's suit. He was so delighted with himself that he walked all about the plantation and showed his clothes to all his colored friends.

"You sure do look mighty spruce, Massa George!" said Sam.

"Law bless you, honey! Uncle Ben never wud knowed you. You certain look powerful grand, jest like you all's big Bre'r Lawrence."

George did not need any warmer praise than to be told that he looked like Lawrence,

and he smiled at old Uncle Ben as he said: "If I can only serve as well as Lawrence did and win a place in the navy I shall be thankful."

Now, while George was rejoicing with his friends his mother was reading a letter from her brother in England which had just come to her on that very ship.

The letter said: "If you care for the boy's future do not let him go to sea. Places in the king's navy are not easy to obtain. If he begins as a sailor he will never be aught else," and then the uncle went on to say: "Rather than go to sea he had better be a apprentice to a tinker, for at sea he will be treated like a dog. He will be far better off as a planter than as a master of a Virginia ship."

The letter dropped from Mrs. Washington's hand. "He cannot go," she said. "This letter shows me my mistake in ever granting him my permission."

Mrs. Washington sent at once for George. "My son," she said, "I have changed my mind. You cannot go to sea."

Young George looked as though he had not heard aright. "But, madam, you promised," he gasped.

"I know! I know!" she said, "but read this letter from your uncle in England, and you will understand."

George read the letter and reread it. An angry flush mounted to his brow. "And

why should my uncle interfere with my plans?" he asked haughtily.

"I wrote and told him of your choice and asked for his advice, and he has given his frank opinion and I am thankful his letter has come on time to save you from this 'dog's life.'"

"Lawrence never called it a 'dog's life.' He encouraged me in my choice," said George quietly.

Mrs. Washington looked into the determined face of her son. She had always commanded and he had always obeyed, but this time would he yield? "My son, I have decided that you must give up all thought of going to sea, and find a suitable occupation upon the land."

Young George left her presence and went out toward the river. He was angry and disappointed. He looked at the boat in the harbor. "All my life I have longed for the sea. Must I give it up now? No, I will go. The permission was granted me once and my brothers approve." And for some time the boy walked up and down and argued with himself. The struggle was a bitter

one, but finally his love for his mother overcame all his personal desires, and, walking into the house, he stood before his mother and said: "Madam, it shall be as you request."

His mother knew what a struggle this had been for the spirited lad, and she knew that many a boy would have run away and gone to sea anyway, but she knew that it was his great love for her that had held him.

She was a proud woman and rarely showed her feelings, but this time the tears were streaming down her cheeks as she kissed her tall son and she said softly: "My son, I thank you, and God grant that you may never regret this choice."

He never did regret the choice. Had he disobeyed his mother and followed his own inclinations he would have always been obliged to serve the king and he never would have filled the place that he did in after life.

He went back to school, and because he excelled in mathematics he took up the study of surveying, and as he was always accurate and honest in all his dealings he was sent into the wilderness to measure the new territory. This rough life in the wilderness fitted him for the life he led later.

And so today we like to tell of the young George Washington, for then we can better appreciate the man George Washington, and we all agree with the old saying that he was "First in war, first in peace and first in the hearts of his countrymen."